




be our home; But let this thought our spir - its cheer, We
out of sight; Zi - on its name—the Lord is there—It
toil, are blest! Had I the pin - ions of a dove, I'd
points is best; While here, to do His will be mine, And

seek a cit - y yet to come, We seek a cit - y yet to come.
shines with ev - er - last - ing light, It shines with ev - er - last - ing light.
fly to thee, and be at rest, I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
His to fix my time of rest, And His to fix my time of rest.




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Jerusalem, My Happy Home



St. Peter. C.M.

JOSEPH BROMEHEAD (?)

A. R. REINAGLE, 1836



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, O, how I long for thee!
2. Thy walls are all of pre-cious stone, Most glo - rious to be - hold;
3. Thy gar - den and thy pleas - ant walks My stud - y long have been;
4. Lord, help us by Thy might - y grace To keep in view the prize

When will my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.
Such daz - zling views, by hu - man sight Have nev - er yet been seen.
Till Thou dost come to take us home To that blest Par - a - dise.

